Here are some of the submissions from our fifth Invite to Write inspired by the following Egyptian image of sunrise painted on the wall of the sacrophagus hall - the House of Gold - of Ramses VI:
Artist Proof

A papyrus scroll is unearthed from ancient Egypt,
tissue thin remnant of yellow papyrus
color hues are peeled throughout the scene,
catalytic energy vibrates across the page
from a century in time
when an Egyptian scribe had recorded a holy moment.
I can see him sitting in the dark night
legs are crossed and knees slightly bent,
holds a new papyrus sheet
between his knees.
He moves a reed pen across the plant surface
revealing small miracles of the day,
miracles of black Egypt and the flowing Nile,
that blackness where everything begins
and returns once more.
He waits at the banks of his imagination
draws two beetles moving up the left side of the page,
ceremoniously pushing seeded dung into
a round mass, like a ball
rolling towards the black horizon.
The scribe lifts a young maiden towards the sky,
central placement below the sun,
her feet balance on the head
 of Nut,
 Goddess of the Sky who labors
 through the night,
 protecting the Sun God's journey
 to rebirth.
 The old scribe, in deep prayer and meditation
 draws all the figures with their
 arms raised high
 In surrender and homage
 to the coming light.
 He prays,

 *O holy RA giver of life and warmth*

 *We welcome you into this eternal moment*

 *Light conquering darkness*

 *Heat up the desert sands and our hearts.*

 A bright disc of the Sun God's
 fiery ascent appears
 lightening the wall
 in the Sarcophagus Hall.

 - Joyce Brady
Seeking Shems

With every clay-hardened cell of my nature,  
I awaken to sing.  
I awaken to sing forth Shems,  
the oxblood orb  
that urges the unraveling night  
of dark brilliance  
into one more day.

To tell the truth,  
Shems renews the ceaseless cycles  
of our land and life.  
To tell the truth  
that arrives with presence,  
I must open to seeing,  
and seeking Shems--  
forever.

- Karen D. Benson

scarab

take a lump of fresh dung from the meadows  
and roll it up the hill to give it all  
the weight and perfectly round shape  
of your square face.  
be, and let π  
handle the excess.  
the queen of putrefactio is capricious and mad but  
underneath her mantle we grow glad and  
in between her horns the hour rolls  
and from the hour grows the hum  
of spring,  
the wedding ring of Nefertiti and her living soul.  
out of idiot winds, far from home,  
a crack in the clouds and a clear ring  
of hell's labyrinth's exit bells. marvels unravel, lovers abound,  
rivers of shivers in oceans of sound  
high in the sky and deep underground  
pulsing like heart beat and swirling around  
with the bass and the drum and  
the chords and the codes and the ripples of song  
of Ulysses' sirens and Cybele's cymbals and Dawn on the gong!  
we wave with the crowd and
gather around
the moon the earth the sun the dust
of stars, the many
and the one.
the queen of pentacles, amongst
the petals, particles, a ghost
and Gulliver struck dumb:
the beauty has come

- Sergiu Vasilov

**Rays of Harvest Sun**

Ancient symbols new life merging
Your hubris ways is not my way
I reach for the sun
Not like you
I look at the sun not like you
I stand with my feet on the ground
Not like you
Sifting through in the harvest sun
Symbols appearing I differentiate
Not like you
Masculine feminine arms waking up with the sun
But not like you
Standing together
Moving the physical pushing for the spiritual
In the harvest sun
But not like you
Harvest sun bring the newness I need
As I shed the old leaves
In the rays of the harvest sun
I clear the hauntings as I count the blessings Realizations manifesting
But not like you.

- Lera Welch

**House of Gold**

The clacking racket of locusts
as we swing flint sickles across the tasseled tops of grain
and swipe the flight of wings from sweating faces,
the rhythm of limbs,
the forward tread as we level
the hissing field before us,
the sun, Shem, blazing above, purveyor, benefactor,
god of light, god of bread, god of man and all daylight creatures,
maker of shadow, maker of fire, maker of golden fields of barley, spelt, and
emmer wheat,
I am your son, I am nothing without your steadfast burning,
I willingly bind my arms to this rhythm, my feet to this threshing floor,
my sister to the gathering behind me,
we sing our reverence,
we sing for our small share of this golden light-filled acre,
our daily bread, our only worth, our only light, Amen.

- Jennifer Molton

The Bravura Flourish: On an Image from the Sarcophagus
Hall of Ramses VI
for Gisela always

Incompleteness of explanation just has to be lived with sometimes. What we have to avoid doing is filling in the missing details with wild speculation or making the mistake of supposing that an incomplete explanation is a fundamentally wrong explanation.
- Julian Biaggini

1. Mythologists can tell us what this image means: the story of the sun’s chthonic journey through the labyrinthine byways of the night until its diurnal resurrection
when the scarabs assume their duty:
rolling the sun – now an unglamorous ball of dung –
along its prodigious arc
towards the easy slide to darkness.

2.
And those hieroglyphs have been deciphered,
their meaning known, long ago.

3.
But what are we to make of those elongated arms
shaping the bold outlines of an animal skull,
its nasal cavity a decapitated head?

Our animal being perhaps where our repressed stuff lodges
like a dung ball before erupting from the netherworld
of the unconscious screaming for attention?
Two horn-like mini-minions fail to countermand
the dung ball’s inexorable trajectory.
Outside the skull, three conscious beings stand,
armless, (harmless?), waiting, wondering how
they will cope when the time comes ....

4.
Just three layers below this image, there is an ornate frieze
of beheaded torsos, arms trussed behind their backs:
in some parts of the world not much has changed.

The busyness and vigour of obscene violence is everywhere
on the sarcophagus walls in tableaux of ubiquitous emblems:

day and night, earth and the underworld,
life and death, power and subjugation,
the mythology of human travail and the sun’s.

 Violence has always loved the bravura flourish.

- Tony Ulyatt

**Sun**

Come up, Sun.
Touch me.
You with such old power.
You whose light we lust for,
baring parts not yet touched
by our selves.

Who makes the cold, dead moon
an instrument of your fire.
Come up, sun.
Kick me in the head:
golden.

- Judith Capurso